"Where, then, Rose? Rose, you have dis

"Dear mother, almost everywhere where you and I sojourn for any length of time. On our own plantation; in our own house at New Or-leans; at our place in the pine woods; and while we are travelling, in steamboats, in ho-

tels-in short, wherever the great world that

The lady looked so deeply distressed, and

saying, gaily—
"But, mamma, you did not finish telling me

the bridal pair would set out on a tour of the

Northern watering-places, and that you and I

should go into the pine woods. And what

"We shall spend two months in the pine

woods, where the terebinthine air is so strongly

And, after two months, when my drooping rose will be fresh and blooming again, I will take her to Charleston, South Carolina, there

to meet the married pair by appointment, and who, it is to be hoped, will then be sufficiently

satisfied with each other's exclusive society. to be able to tolerate ours for a little while. When

knows us has entered."

it is that such wanton words meet your ear?

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era. [COPYRIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW.] GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA.

Rome, January 29, 1853. My DEAR E. B : Undoubtedly the mos My Dear E. B—: Undoubtedly the most interesting and important work of art now being executed in Rome, (to Americans, at least,) is the Washington Monument, by Mr. Crawford, ordered, to her honor, by Virginia, and destined to be the chief ornament and pride of her handsome capital. Before speaking of the artistic merits of this work, let me give you aride of its plan and proportions. The entire height of the monument is to be sixty feet. This includes the equestrian statue of Washington—sixtoen feet in height. Below this, which is to stand on a square pedestal, soulptured with some admirable bassi relievi, are ranged the statues of six of Virginia's noblest tured with some admirable bass relievi, are ranged the statues of six of Virginia's noblest sons—Marshall, Mason, Allen, Lee, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry. These figures are to be twelve feet in height. On the lower range of

twelve feet in height. On the lower range of steps, surrounding the monument, are to be placed six eagles, five feet in height.

The only figures now finished are the statues of Patrick Henry and Jefferson, and these are surely remarkable exhibitions of power—absolute triumphs of genius. Henry is represented in the lofty passion of his fervid and magnetic eloquence—in the height of that grand outburst of freedom and patriotism which electrified the land, and will yet thrill, like a trumpet call, through the hearts of his countrymen, while they prize their dear-bought liberties, or reverence the heroic past. You see not alone in this face the fire and the force of the impassioned orator, but the sustaining strength of sioued orator, but the sustaining strength of the hero, and the prescience of the prophet. In striking contrast with this animated and In striking contrast with this animated and powerful figure, is that of Jefferson. He stands in an attitude of calm, deep thought, girt about with all the native majesty of greatness—with all the dignity of the statesman and patriot. He looks here what he was—the utterer of the profoundest political and moral truth ever proclaimed to the world. You recognise in him the moulding power and the controlling will of government, and you seem to read in his face, not alone the deep speculations of the philosopher and the large projects of the statesman, but the destinies of nations.

The drapery in both these noble figures is

The drapery in both these noble figures is wonderfully well managed. The costume of the time of the Revolution, though far enough from the classic, was yet less stiff and meager than that of our day, and the artist has here relieved or concealed would of the relieved, or concealed, much of the more un-graceful detail, by a skillful introduction of the cloak.

Separately and together, these statues strike me as among the finest produtions of modern soulpture—as marked by most impressive dig-nity, by originality, force, and grandeur of sen-timent. They are about being cast in bronze at Munich. Mr. Crawford is to make use of Houdon's bust of Washington, as the most re-hable likeness. The horse, though yet in a hable likeness. The horse, though yet in a very rough state, promises to be a magnificent work. It is represented as just curbed up from a trot, not rearing—full of strength and fire, but not rebellious—a steed fully worthy of his rider, and one which will inevitably suggest comparisons decidedly unfavorable to a certain weak-tailed charger, who holds his thin nose in the air, from the top of Hyde Park gate.

The small studies for the remaining figures of this monumentstrike me as happy and truthful presentiments of character—are important parts of a noble whole, and form a grand circle of supports and accessories to that peerless

cle of supports and accessories to that peerless principal. Nothing ever so impressed me with the greatness of Washington as seeing such figures as these placed subordinate to his, and

The last finished work of Mr. Crawford is a Flora—an exceedingly graceful and beautiful figure. He is now putting into marble a charming group of The Babes in the Wood. This simple and touching subject is treated with much delicacy and feeling, and the sight of those tender and lovely little creatures, who in each others' arms have sunk in the deep slumber of grief and exhaustion, and from that have slid silently and unconsciously into that deeper sleep of death, moves one's heart, as it was moved in childhood, by that earliest fireside tale.

An exquisite group, in its rare and swee poetic expression, is the *Hebe and Ganymede* Hebe is represented at that rather mortifying period of her life, when she finds herself obliged period of her life, when she finds herself counged to resign her office at Court. She stands with her head drooped, and wears an expression half of grief, half of vexation, while Ganymede, the new incumbent, with his hand on her shoulder, peers into her face deprecatingly and

"Ab, I am so sorry to take the cup from you! Indeed, I don't want the situation at all You fill it a great deal better than I can; be endes, it's a woman's business. So don't think hard of me. You know one can't do just as one pleases up here, among these gods and god

Mr. Crawford has not yet exhibited as fir Mr. Crawford has not yet exhibited as fine an imagination as Tenerani, or as much art as Gibson, but he is younger than either of these. He does not lack imagination, fancy, or feeling—he has strength, originality, and boldness, and every new work shows an advance in artistic skill—so we may well congratulate ourselves upon a genius which to its highest development will but reflect growing honor upon our country. This reminds me that I was mistaken in stating, in a late letter, that Mr. Crawford was a native of Ireland. He is a true-born American.

Crawford was a native of Ireland. He is a true-born American.

Mr. Story is engaged upon a labor of love, in modelling the statue of his father, the late Justice Story. He seems to me to be making a noble work of it. The head is exceedingly fine—the face wearing a mingled expression of benignity and strength, of calm thought and genial kindness, peculiarly beautiful. The figure is sitting—the attitude has the dignity of the judge, without rigidity or sterances—the judicial robe is managed most judiciously, and forms drapery as graceful as imposing.

an ideal statue, the subject taken, I believe, from Spenser—an Arcadian Shepherd Boy, piping. I am delighted with the youthful grace of this figure, and with the sentiment of the pure, primeval music, if I may so express it, which speaks not alone in face, but in form and attitude, even. I hope sometime to see this in markle.

Mr. Richard Greenough is now modelling a striking and original group—a Shepherd Boy attacked while robbing an eagle's nest, and defending himself against the enraged eagle. The youth is crouched upon one knee, and is just about to plunge his knife into the body of the bird, who has alighted on his shoulder. His attitude is full of spirit, and his face has a fine expression of strength and courage. I trust that Mr. Greenough's late sad loss, in compeling him to return to America, will not oblige him long to abandon a work which promises so much.

figure of much dignity and beauty. A very pleasing composition is a group called "Rejected Addresses"—a sitting figure of a little girl, holding her kitten, which a dog at her knee is striving in vain to conciliate. The attitude and look of the little girl are very pretty and arch, but the group is yet hardly in a state to be described in detail.

Among Mr. Mozier's ideal busts I am most pleased with a Daphne—several copies of which are now in America. It is an exquisite head—not alone rarely beautiful in form, but expressive of much poetic thought. The face and bearing of the head convey a sentiment of resignation, with a tenderness and purity peculiarly sweet and touching.

With some of the works of Mr. Ives I have

been much pleased. If not an enthusiast, he seems a conscientious student in his art. If he does not produce works startlingly powerful and original, whatever he does he does well. He models with taste, feeling, and careful finish. His portrait busts seem to me remarkably good, and some of his ideal busts are ex-ceedingly fine. Of the latter, I like, especially, a head of Ariadne—full of beauty of a noble

ent and promise, has lately executed, in marble, a figure of Ruth, which is very lovely; and one of a charming and I think entirely original subject—a little skater, making one of his first "The Truant," delights me greatly, by a certain freshness of feeling there is about it, and by its grace, novelty, and naturalness.

Mr. Bartholomew has two ideal figures late-

ly commonced, which cannot yet be judged of, except by their studies, which are very pleasing. This artist seems to excel in basso relievo. He has in his studio a beautiful monumental group, and a Homer, with his young guide which is marked by force, grace, and delicate

eeling.
Mr. Bartholomew has poetic sentiment, with taste, strength, and patience—he has a genu-ine reverence for his art, and a modest estimate of himself—is beyond doubt an artist whom

America will do well to encourage,
There is here a young English sculptor, Mr.
Shakspeare Wood, of whom I speak in connection with American artists, because of some works he is now executing for America, and of peculiar American interest — a figure of Evangeline Bellefontaine, and one of Gabriel Evangeline Bellefontaine, and one of Gabriel Lajeunnesse. The former is now being put into marble; but, as yet, only a study of the latter has been modelled. Evangeline is represented as bearing to the reapers the "flagon of home-brewed ale," and is a lovely embodiment of the poet's fair ideal. The form is light and wanting in dignity; the dress is quite simple and while perfectly modest and maidenly, hide

little of the symmetry of the form.

The head is crowned, but in no way concealed, by a pretty little cap; the curling hair is lightly lifted, and blown backward by ac-tion and the air. The Gabriel is a handsome, gallant-looking youth, standing by his anvil, and leaning on his hammer. Mr. Wood is now modelling a bust of Miss Charlotte Cushman, which already gives me a higher idea of his talent and artistic taste than anything he his salent and artisfic taste than anything he has yet done. It shows strength, feeling, and delicate perceptions—is marked by rare truth, not alone to form, but to character, and by a fresh drop of blood trickled over the neck and plashed on the white apron of Linney.

I should say that and plashed on the white apron of Linney. The drop of blood trickled over the neck and plashed on the white apron of Linney. The drop of blood trickled over the neck and plashed on the white apron of Linney. The drop of blood trickled over the neck and plashed on the white apron of Linney. in portrait-busts ics Mr. Wood's chief forte.
All those I have seen, of which I know the originals, strike me as most faithful and favorable likenesses.

Mr. Page is here, painting some admirable

pictures, and talking grandly on art to his sit-ters and friends. He has some peculiar, but, I think, profoundly just ideas, concerning por-trait-painting. He desires to know well his trait-painting. He desires to know well his sitters, and requires to grasp somewhat more than the surface-life for his picture, which he makes a study of character, a revelation of soul, as compared with other portraits; a reality, instead of a likeness; a living presence, in place of a haunting, unsatisfying shadow. His pictures have about them that mysterious something of the sentient and the vital, which makes you half believe that the artist has wrested the creative sevent from the include heartest of

Nature. You look to see the rich lights, a stir in the hair, the lips breaking into smiles, the breast softly heaved, the very blood beating along the veins.

Mr. Page has in his studio several copie from Titian, so marvellously true to that great master, that it is difficult to believe them by any other hand than his. I am convinced that any other hand than his. I am convinced that we have no painter possessed of so clear and profound a knowledge of his art as Mr. Page. He lives in it, and through it; wanting the passionate energy of personal ambition, he does not pursue it ardently, but studies it with all the powers of a subtle intellect, and contemplates it with the calm devotion of a reveren-

plates it with the calm devotion of a reveren-tial spirit. By bringing so much thought and power to bear upon portrait-painting, Mr. Page has done much to ennoble that branch of his art; but we yet look to see manifestations of his genius more original in character and universal in interest—something which shall be a full and worthy expression of himself—in which the artist will live as sole creator and works as he has produced, should not be absorbed for any length of time in mere portrait-

sorbed for any length of time in mere portraiture—merging the imagination in the actual, the creative in the imitative.

Mr. Brown is painting some glorious land-acapes this winter, filled with the peculiar beauty, flushed with the warm lights, and bathed in the soft atmosphere of the South. He seems to witch the true Italian sunlight down on to his canvass. He has lately painted sunset view on the campagna, which geous beyond description.

Mr. Terry has in his studio several beautiful

geous beyond description.

Mr. Terry has in his studio several beautiful pictures, mostly on Scriptural subjects, all of which, I am happy to hear, are to go to America. Mr. Terry's coloring is brilliant, but soft and rich; his composition is very effective, without being studiedly so; and his spirit is evidently pure and religious.

Mr. Chapman is painting his charming costume peices, peculiarly Italian, and what I call delicious pictures—full of warmth and richness—golden lights and purple shadows—the glowing passion and indolent repose of Italy.

Mr. Wotherspoon is a landscape painter of much talent, and admirably reproduces some of the most exquisite scenery of this wondrous land of ruin and loveliness.

Mr. Tilten, a very young artist, seems to mellow the almost intolerable brightness of Italian sun and sky, by a dreamy, poetic atmosphere, which he throws about his pictures. He has true genius for landscape painting, a delicate imagination; and, with patient study and a little generous appreciation, will yet do beautiful things in his art.

Mr. C. G. Thompson is engaged on a lovely little picture, called The Guardian Angels. I seldom see in the paintings of any modern artist coloring equal to his.

Mr. Wight, a young painter of Boston, of

Mr. Wight, a young painter of Boston, of much talent and promise, appears a diligent student, and seems to be making fine progress

riedly and briefly in this letter of art and art-sts; but I could not do otherwise, as I could not well let the subject run over into and week, which will have its own interests and events—unusual, by the way, for it will be Car-nival week. So, look out for a budget of non-

nival week. So, look out for a budget of non-sense in my next.

Apropos of nonsense! We want, last Sun-day, to see the blossing of beasts—an annual ceremony, which takes place at the church of San Antonio Abate. There was an immense crowd of all descriptions and classes of people; among the rest, a vast convocation of beggars, the crippied and maimed in ondless varieties, wrecks and remnants, divisions and subdivi-sions of man.

and taste, and however much he may give to his statues, it never looks heavy, or too massive.

When finished, I think the Silence will be a form of benediction in Latin, shook the showed away thoughtfully, sadly, I thought.

"Dear mother, you cannot surely imagine thought the existence of the system of slavery twilight, we sat on the porch—his mother and little boy at his side, bearing the benefiter. The corded rise the fates that shape destiny.

It wilight, we sat on the porch—his mother and little boy at his side, bearing the benefiter. The corded rise the fates that shape destiny.

An amendment suspending action as to the system of slavery twilight, we sat on the porch—his mother and little boy at his side, bearing the benefiter. The following day, while preparations for limits house I have ever been injured, the little boy at his side, bearing the benefiter. The following day, while preparations for limits house I have ever been injured, the little boy at his side, bearing the existence of the system of slavery twill should be an injured. The following day, while preparations for limits house I have ever been injured. The following day, while preparations for limits house I have ever been injured. The following day, while preparations for limits house I have ever been injured. The following day, while preparations for limits house I have ever been injured. The following day, while preparations for limits house I have ever been injured. The following day, while preparations for limits house I have ever been injured. The following day, while preparations for limits house I have ever been injured. The following day, while preparations for limits house I have ever been injured. The following day, while preparations for limits house I have ever been injured. The following day, while preparations for limits house I have ever been injured. The following day is the following day.

etons for a year to come.

Next came a drove of donkeys, with their heads and tails decorated with gay ribbons. One of these committed the ever-to-be-apprehended asinine impropriety of braying in the midst of the ceremony. So absurd, ludicrous, and pompously farcical was this scene—so stand yet consciously ridiculous seemed the

and pompously farcical was this scene—so stupid, yet consciously ridiculous seemed the chief actors, that it struck me the benediction might have commenced, without great inap-propriateness, with an Apostolic "Dearly be-loved brethren!" Do not think me irreverent, from this, or any thing of the kind I may say. I feel a daily in cressips indignation and contempt toward the monstrous absordaties of this system of religion, and the actors therein. To reverence

such things and such men were an insult

the God in whom I believe.

There came up a sudden and violent shower and we were driven for shelter into the church, where we were brought into more intimate regether safe or savory. I am a democrat, even in Italy, till it comes to garlie and pulci, when, I must confess, my democracy assumes a purely abstract character. After the storm was passed, the Pope's stud came, mostly driven in carriages, magnificent turn-outs. Then fol-lowed those of the cardinals, scarcely less stately and gorgeous. Next came twenty-four superb horses, belonging to Prince Piombino, attached to one carriage, all decorated with plumes and ribands—really a beautiful sight. The horses which are to run in the Corso during the Carnival, were blessed amid unu-

sual demonstrations of popular feeling; and so it ended—the oddest, absurdest, most utterly ridiculous religious ceremonial I ever beheld. To-morrow, Carnival begins. It is late at night; all is quiet in the streets, except the noise of hammers next door, where they are putting up a balcony. The sound at this hour has something strange and sinister in it—something so scaffold-suggestive, that it almost gives

one a to-be-hung-next-morning sort of a feeling. Adieu! As ever, yours,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

For the National Era. WILLARD AND LINNEY.

BY ALICE CARRY.

(cosciunen) But the veriest trifles hold us spell-bound sometimes; and a single withered rose may be sweeter than whole fields of fresh flowers. And upon one occasion, certainly, a harmless rabbit that had been dislodged from his burrow in the winter snow, in which the drops of his life-blood were yet fresh, subserved the most genial

ing them up.
"It was all my fault," said Mr. Welden, look

ing painfully annoyed. Linuey's check grew as red as the spot in her apron. It was not so much the words as the tone of tenderness with which they were said, and the really distressed

look that accompanied them.

Both felt it a relief when Mr. Hulbert entered, and the good wife's attention was diverted from them, to prepare the arm-chair and stir

the fire.
"But, Linney, you don't know how to cook it do you?" resumed the young man, with all his former self-possession, and a familiar style of address he had never used before.

"Fry it, I suppose," she answered.

The young man laughed, as though the idea were preposterous, and said he knew more about the culinary art than half the women. And, indeed, what man is there but that sup

poses the same thing.

Linney did not seem to beed him, and he continued, "you must dine with us to morrow; we are to have one, too;" and in a moment, seeing that she did not reply, he said, "Will She made some sort of vague reply, which

her young admirer, for such he was, construed into acceptance.

But the truth is, she had heard nothing he said; and, now, as she sunk into a chair, her cheek assumed a pallor, and her black eyes,

naturally merry, took a steadfast and earnest look, and neither have ever entirely lost the expression of that moment. She had been list-ening to the Hulberts, as they talked of their

"What!" said the mother, in a surprised whisper, as she leaned over the shoulder of her husband, who answered—
"He says nothing that you will be glad to hear of. The letter is filled with stuff about Alumni, Euclid, freshmen, and all that which we don't know nothing about; besides, he wants me to send money, and tells me to sell the hay if I can't get it without." The old man wiped his eyes, and continued in a trem-ulous voice, "I expect he has been running me in debt—twenty or twenty-five dollars, like enough."
"Had he got Linney's letter?" asked the

mother, as if willing to divert his thoughts.
"He received it a week ago," was replied but had not yet read it when he wrote And this it was which made the pallor the cheek of Linney, and the steadfast look

her eyes.
That night, as Mrs. Hulbert wound the clock,

That night, as Mrs. Hulbert wound the clock, she said, "Do you think you could keep house, Linney, for a day or two?"

"Yes, why?" she replied, and looking more curiosity than she spoke.

"Oh, I don't know, child," and directly she added, "yes I do, too. May be we will go to Augusta in a week or so, father and me."

"Is Willard sick?" asked Linney, her heart

stirred anew.
"No,2 and Mrs. Holbert looked anxiously

into the fire.

"Because," continued Linney, seeing that she was not likely to explain, "I thought it strange that you should go when the session will close so soon." She forbore to say when

Willard is coming home so soon.

But Mrs. Hulbert, who understood her meaning, replied, "He is not coming home. He says he shall have plenty of business and pleasure for the vacation; and, besides, he don't want to get his mind in the old trains of thought, h

"Well." said Linney, and in that little word there was a bitterness of meaning which long sentences could not have expressed.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Hulbert, presently,
"if George has nothing better to do than hunt rabbits—the poor harmless critters?"

She was in no very amiable mood, poor wo-

man.
"Such sports have been relished by wise

men than he," answered Linney, "and I see no particular harm in them." "Nor I either, as I know of;" and Mrs. Hul bert grew thoughtful and silent again.

And so for an hour the two women sat together. The effect of Willard's letter was reflected in the mind of either, and how differ-

Hected in the mind of either, and how differently, in the estimate formed of George.

Before she retired that night, Linney visited Willard's room, and taking from the drawer the stockings designed for him, replaced them with the bundle prepared for market. Then, removing the pillow, she took the letter and the Rible, and placed them on the shelf above the window.

And from such small things as we have re

sprinkler at them, and they were good for a twelvemonth. Of course, this is done for a consideration—as what is not, in the way of church parades, privileges, and immunities. The first applicants for a benediction, after our strival, were two miserable old cart-horses, who looked as though the blessings of all the fathers of the Church could not keep them on their legs for twenty-fours. I fear the rite was extreme unction to them; and yet the owner doubtless led them away, rejoicing in the faith that the crows were cheated of the poor skeletons for a year to come.

briskly forward, George Welden made his appearance, looking fresh, and smiling, and happy.

"I am come to carry Linney home with me to dine," he said, by way of apology to Mrs. Hulbert, who, perhaps, looked something of the astonishment she felt. "And," he added, turning to the girl, "mother sends her compliments, and says you must not disappoint her. I," he said, "have myself superintended the cooking of the rabbit."

Linney way of apology to Mrs. Hulbert extreme unchanged the result of the poor skeletons for a year to come.

unexpected departure, needful preparations, and the like, when Mrs. Hulbert interposed, with the assertion that she could go just as well as not, if she chose. The horse and sleigh waited at the door, the young man seriously desired her to go, and Mrs. Hulbert evidently favored his inclinations. "But I am not ready," urged Linney, sur-

weying her dress with trepidation and concern, well aware that she possessed nothing in which she would appear to better advantage.

"Ab, and Linney oan, too, it she has a mind to," replied George, laughing, and eyeing ad-miringly the plaids of green, and red, and blue, so smoothly ironed. In truth, it became the chubby rustic girl wonderfully well; and when she had tied on the white frilled apron, and smoothed her chestnut curls a little, nothing was needed to complete her toilet.

The young girl felt a tremulous shrinking when, for the first time in her life, she found herself in an elegantly-furnished apartment; but Mrs. Welden, a sweet, motherly lady of was a sunshing and good-tempered girl, little disposed to quarrel with circumstances. If there were a little condescension in the cordiality, a little patronage in the equality assumed by Mrs. Wolden, Linney did not stop to think of it, and the lady's heart was soon won entire-

y by the girl's artless and joyous manner. If she dropped her knitting, Linney picked it up in a moment; if steps were in the way, she was at her elbow—in fact, everywhere her ser-vices were needed, she seemed to be, and, better still, nowhere else; and all this from natural impulses of kindness.

No wonder they were mutually pleased; each found in the other that which she herself lacked—the one, freshness, and sunshine, and hope and the other, wisdom, experience, elegance and refinement.

George, habitually good-natured, indolent, careless, was on that day restless, almost fretful. Now he boxed the ears of some favorite hunter, for caressing his hand too familiarly; and now he found fault with the fire, which was either too hot or too cold; but, truth is, he was irritated that Linney should be monopolized, and apparently with so much willingness on her part, by his mother. Sometimes he tried to be amiable, and even complimented her more than once; but she neither blushed nor looked down, but, on the contrary, laughed gaily, and replied in the same vein, though her tone and manner said plainly there was no meaning in her words. He felt that he had no power over her, and consequently became vexed with himself more and more. So pleased and delighted was Linney, that

"Oh, what a beautiful home you have!" she said, looking back, admiringly, where the

many lights of the great house streamed across asked George, tightening the rain.
"Oh, above all things!" his answered, i

genuously.

And the whip was brought in requisit

would,
"How kind of you," said Linney, patting h

bring us home so soon."

And she continued, turning to George—
"I wish you were home, too."

The young man bit his lip, and resumed his seat in the sleigh. He had hoped for an invi

tation to go in.

Mrs. Hulbert opened the door, and Georg drew in the rein to say—
"Tell Willard, if you please, that I shall take as good care of Linney as he would do

Mrs Hulbert thanked him, and Linney thought, "I am glad you happened to say that, it will be so provoking to Willard." But neither understood that George remembered the slights formerly cast upon him, and could not now deny himself the pleasure of such a taunt. But if Willard had been away chopping wood for a month, Mr. George Welden would have been silent. An acute discernment might have seen too, that though pique had at first drawn these young persons together, the result would be other than they themselves expected. Already, on the part of George, there was a real liking, as trifles have indicated. In a secluded neighborhood, where neither was likely to find much companionship, it was perfectly natural, that having once met, they should meet again, and that, time and circumstances favoring, the gentleman should become

should meet again, and that, time and circumstances favoring, the gentleman should become a wooer, especially when he was free from worldly ambition, and cared not a whit what others thought of the mistress of his house and heart, so that she pleased him. It was natural, too, that a humble rustic girl should not be wholly averse to the wooing, especially when the young man was handsome, and the fortune ample, and, above all, when she could rise so pre-eminently above a lover who had discarded

too, perhaps. Finding himself suddenly and un-expectedly above his old mate, he set his foot upon her—not for that he despised her, so much as that he was blinded by the brilliancy of his hopes, and really did not see nor think about her at all.

Time taught them both the sincerity of that young and irretrievably-slighted love.

But, though Willard was for a short time inflated with vanity, and warped from his true nature, he possessed stamina enough to enable him in the end to assume his true manbood. When he had drunk deeper, he saw what he

had lost—too late.

When five years were gone, and he returned from college, no little loving Linney met him with words sweeter than any triumphs—she had been three years the wife of George Welden, and one, the mother of "the sweetest little eheruh" (so his good mother told him) that ever

close by.
"I wish, mother," said Willard, one morning you would fit up the little room that used to be Linney's, for my study." (He was about to

read law.)
So the window was opened, and the cobwebs swept down; and this, with the addition of a chair and table to the furniture, was all that was to be done. With folded arms and thoughtful brow, Willard superintended the work. When all was completed, he unlocked a small desk, and took from it two old and worn letters which would sourcely bear the a small desk, and took from it two old and worn letters, which would soarcely bear the unfolding, read and re-read them, wiping his eyes once or twice as he did so; he then refolded them, and stepping on a chair, took from a shelf above the window a book, and was slipping the letters under the lid, when his hand was suddenly checked, and taking down the volume, he blew from it a heap of dust, while from beneath the lid slipped a letter—his own first and last one to Linney—and on the leaf where it had lain so long was written, in a boyish hand, Malinds Hulbert!

Both book and letter had evidently been forgotten, and the dust of years had gathered over them.

Both book and letter had evidently been forgotten, and the dust of years had gathered over them.

Willard is a bachelor to this day; and that homely room, once Linney's, has a charm for him which much finer once have never had.

When last in Clovernook, I had the pleasure of drinking tea with him; but when, in the content of the whole on the state of the Union, and went into consideration of the amendments of the Serate to the Deficiency bill, among which was one that was agreed to, paying relative to put the horses to the carriage."

"Dear mother you cannot me had upon the best sixty acres, was, on notion of Mr. Brown, of Miss Vivian gently arrested her purpose, saying—

"What are you about to do, mamma?"

"Ring, and order our carriage. I will not stay in this house, where you are so cruelly wounded, one minute longer than is required to put the horses to the carriage."

"Dear mother you cannot surely imagine."

"How changed Willard is!" I said, noting shall, of that State, and was ultimately negahis melancholy steps.
"Oh, I don't know," answered Mrs. Hulbert.

LETTER FROM JOHN P. HALE.

The following letter from Mr. Hale will ex plain itself, and, we hope, correct certain impres sions industriously circulated to the prejudice of Mr. Tuck, among the Free Democrats of

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7, 1853. My DEAR SIR: I have learned with no little surprise that my name was used as a candi-date for nomination before the Convention of the Free Democracy, recently holden at Rochester, to nominate a candidate to represent the first Congressional district of New Hampshire, well aware that she possessed nothing in which she would appear to better advantage.

"It is strange," said Mrs. Hulbert, soliloquizing, "how particular girls are now-a-days. That plaided fiannel of Linney's I could have worn to a wedding in my day." estimation, as my acquaintance and intercourse with him have continued. In regard to the nomination referred to, a simple narration of his course toward me must satisfy the most fastidious friend I have in the world.

Early in January last, Mr. Tuck called on me and told me that he did not wish again to be a candidate for Congress, but that he did wish me to be in his stead. I replied to him at once that I did not wish it, and would not men, is thought will ere long take the place of at once that I did not wish it, and would not consent to it, but I did wish that he might be the candidate, and if he was, I had no doubt he would he re-elepted, if there was anything like a fair districting of the State. When the bill for dividing the State into Congressional districts had become a law, Mr. Tuck again called on me, and told me he had concluded to write home to his friends, absolutely declining to be a candidate for the nomination, and repeated his desire that I should be the candidate in his place. To this I positively refused to consent, but urged upon him to stand as a candidate, and told him if he was, I felt per-fectly confident he would be elected. To these representations of Mr. Tuck, I made but one swer; and that was, that I would not consent to be a candidate.

I will further add, that the tried integrity the honorable and manly character of Mr.
Tuck, his frank manners, his fearless and able
support of what he deems to be right, joined
to his experience in public life, all, in my humole opinion, eminently qualify him for the high

position which he at present fills. From the foregoing statement, you will see that it is not among the things possible that I should permit my name in any way to be used against Mr. Tuck in the canvass for that place, against Mr. Tuck in the canvass for that place, and I only regret that the true state of the case was not sufficiently understood by our friends, to prevent any seeming collision be-tween us before the Convention. I did not deem it necessary to write before the nomi-nation, because I had not heard any other candidate than Mr. Tuck seriously talked of, and I did not suppose that our political friends, having such a representative as Mr. Tuck, would seek another candidate till he had de-

clined. Very truly, your friend, JOHN P. HALE. To George G. Fogg, Fsq.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28.

Mr. Hunter moved to take up the Civil and Mr. Hunter moved to take up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill,
Mr. Underwood opposed the motion, he desiring to take up the Bennet Land bill. He would regard the vote on this motion as a test vote on that bill.

After some debate, the motion of Mr. Hun-

ter was agreed to—yeas 39, nays 7.

The first amendment to the Civil and Diple natic bill was one appropriating \$300,000 pay back duties paid on goods destroyed by fire in New York in 1845, and \$100,000 for goods destroyed by fire in California. Adopted.

Other amendments were agreed to; amongst them the following:

To remit all duties on machinery for spinning and weaving flax, not in use in the Uni-

Norfolk, \$20,000; Bangor, Maine, \$15,000 Bath, Maine, \$12,000; Belfast, \$20,000. An amendment classifying the clerks in the Treasury, Interior, War, Navy, and Post Office Departments into four classes—1st, at \$900; 2d, \$1,200; 3d, \$1,500; 4th, \$1,800. The chief

clerks of bureaus to receive \$2,000, and chief clerks of Departments, \$2,200.

Mr. Hunter moved an amendment appropri-ating \$240,000 for the purchase of sites and the construction of houses in Washington for the Vice President and the several Secretaries

the Vice President and the several Secretaries and Postmaster General.

This was debated at length—Messrs. Borland, Bradbury, Butler, Rusk, and Dodge, opposed it; Messrs. Mason, Jones of Tennessee, Hunter, and Downs, supported it; it was then rejected—yeas 23, nays 24. The vote was subsequently reconsidered, and modified so as to increase the salaries of these officers to \$8,000

per annum; which was adopted-yeas 40, nays Fifty thousand dollars was added for An amendment, appropriating \$150,000 to-wards supplying Washington and Georgetown with water, to be obtained wherever and brought in by such means as the President may determine, was offered by the Committee

on Finance. Mr. Pratt referred to the fact that the Pot mac river, from which this water would be ob-tained, was owned by the State of Maryland, and she had constructed along said river a grand work which required the water of that river. He therefore moved to provide that should it be necessary to go into the State of Maryland to obtain such water, the assent of the Legislature of that State should first be ob-

that Heaven knows gives anything but 'Glory to God, and peace and good-will to man." After considerable debate, this proviso we adopted—yeas 30, nays 20. The amendments amended was agreed to—yeas 35, nays 16

as amended was agreed to—years 35, nays 15.

Mr. Hunter, from the Committee on Finance,
moved an amendment, allowing railroad iron
to be imported with a credit of five years for
the duties thereon.

Mr. Mason moved to amend it by providing for the total repeal of all those duties.

Mr. Brodhead and Mr. Miller opposed th mendment; and while the latter was speak ng, Mr. Hunter, by direction of the committee

Russia, and Spain, \$6,000, for house rent, &c and \$4,000 to the Minister to Turkey. He then renewed his amendment, under in structions from the Legislature of Virginia, fo

Are peal of the duties on railroad iron.

Mr. Douglas moved to modify it by suspending the duties on railroad iron for three years.

Messrs. Miller, Seward, Cooper, and Brod.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The House, at a late hour on Saturday, having passed the Naval Appropriation bill, and having negatived four previous motions to ad-

"Explain."

"Why, often when I have been reclining in a shaded window seat with a book, or lying on a distant sofa with my eyes closed, and they think I am asleep, or quite abstracted, I hear them say, 'Poor girl, she is a trouble to herself and all around her.' 'She can never live to be a woman; so, if it were the Lord's will, it were better she should die now.' 'Her death would be a great relief to the young widow; and, by the way, Mrs. Vivian would some in to the whole property then, would she not!' That is all, dear mamma. Do not let it disturb you. It did not disturb me the least."

Mrs. Vivian placed her hand upon the bell. Miss Vivian gently arrested her purpose, saying journ,
A bill granting pre-emption rights with respect to ungranted lands on lines of railroads,
securing settlers on lots of one hundred and

tressed me beyond all measure. Tell me where

Another prohibiting the manufacture of bars "Oh, I don't know," answered Mrs. Hulbert.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mrs. Hulbert.

"And in a moment she added, "Yes I do, too—
astonishment she felt. "And," he added, turning to the girl, "mother sends her compliments.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mrs. Hulbert.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mrs. Hulbert.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mrs. Hulbert.

"And in a moment she added, "Yes I do, too—
less weight than five ounces, called forth a protracted discussion; during which the Committee rose, and the House passed a resolution tee rose, and the House passed a resolution limiting debate to five minutes. The Committee resumed, and the amend-

ment was passed.

An amendment to pay to California the amount of duties collected before that State was admitted into the Union, proposed by Mr. McCorcle, was negatived; who afterwards prothe maiden felt so grieved to see her troubled, that she hastened to turn the conversation, by posed a smaller sum (\$300,000) for the purpose about our summer arrangements. You said, that immediately after the marriage ceremony of concluding his explantory remarks; which was negatived.

Mr. Marshall moved another sum for the purpose of expressing his views as to the treat-ment which California had received, which, if persisted in, he contended, must drive Califor-nia to shift for itself. The amendment was recommended as the great specific for weak or diseased lungs; and where the quiet and regular hours, plain, simple food, and gentle exercise, will bring back the color to my child's check-

The remaining amendments were taken up and disposed of. After which, the Committ rose, and the House adjourned.

From the Yates County Whig-Penn Yan, N. Y. FLAX COTTON Messrs. Cleveland & Look .

Siks: There appears to be quite an interes

that the farmers at present about lose, and valuable one too. Hopestill Bigglow.

For the National Era.

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MARK SUTHERLAND: POWER AND PRINCIPLE

CHAP. V-Continued.

friends and admirers, and where you enjoy and adorn society so much. Mamms, do not think of giving this pleasure up, and burying yourself for me in the pine woods. Let us go to Sura-

oga."
"My love! I tell you the long, fatiguing

derella's step-dame to yours? Or read such poetry as—

heart to be so cruelly unjust as I see you muthink me! You selfish—the most disinterest

mother that ever cherished a poor, sick, trouble-some child! Oh, forgive the light and thought-less words that could be twisted into such a

did, Rosalie, for the words trouble me."
"Nay, never heed them, dear, kind mamme

Forget them; they were wicked words, so they gave you pain."
"Rosalie, I insist upon knowing what

nch a thought into your head."
"Mother, sometimes I hear things not inmided for my ear, which, nevertheless, I can-

we join them, we embark across the ocean, and make the tour of Europe together-winter in Sicily, and return home next spring. And by that time, I hope, the sea voyage, the change of scene and of climate, will have completely restored my darling to health!"

next?

Love and Gold. On her forehead sitteth pride, state into flax cotton, in a few Crown d with seorn, and falcon eyed, Yet she beneath, methinks, doth twine Silkon smiles that seem divine. Can seeh smiles be false and cold? Knowles does not say how much he can manufacture in a day, nor how much help he wants to work his machine. As for Mr. Claussen, if I am rightly informed, he does not propose to Will she only wed for gold? dress the flax and clean it from the shives, or woody part, but simply bleaches and softens While Mrs. Vivian sat talking with her the fibre, preparatory to spinning it, having previously been dressed or cleaned by the prolaughter in the bed-chamber of Miss Suther land, the latter remained in the adjoining ducer. I am aware, also, that there has been a number of machines offered to the public, called flax-dressers, for the purpose of dressing dressing-room, where we left her scated in the easy-chair, with her hands folded upon her lap, and her eyes closed as in gentle repose, only sometimes a half-smothered, shuddering sigh disturbed the statue-like stillness of her form. flax. Now, sir, I speak from experience of a machine invented and patented by a Mr. Charles Beach, of the vicinity or Penn Yan, State of New York, which flings all others into the shade. Mr. Beach will take the flax straw from the farmer's thrashing floor, with one man to assist him, will cut the flax into the length of cotton, and dress and reduce it to the fineness of cotton at the rate of 100 It was no deep sorrow, no great anxiety, that troubled this favorite of fortune—only, being quite unused to pain of any sort, physical or mental, she was impatient of its lightest touch

She had not as yet exchanged one word upon the subject of abolition with her betrothed. But she had that day been summoned to the presence of her father, and by him had been informed of Mr. Mark Sutherland's whole to the fineness of cotton at the rate of 100 pounds every 15 minutes, or from two to three tons per day. It is some several years since Mr. Beach built his first experimental machine, plan, as he had just learned it from the latter. The planter had told his daughter, with distinct and dreadful detail, of all the numerous in the city of Hartford, Connecticut. The cotton produced was carded and spun in a cotton factory, to the satisfaction of the superintend-ent and although the world is full of invenfactory, to the satisfaction of the superintendent and although the world is full of inventions and new things, and inventions springing up as in a night, and even now there is being built a flying ship to navigate the air, to carry passengers with their baggage at the rate of 90 miles an hour—all of which have their patrons—vet it seems there is no company to the resource of the content of the numerous privations, toils, hardships, and humiliations, and vaguely hinted at a counless variety of suffering she must endure, if she should become a party to her lover's purpose of abolition, and a partaker of his chosen lot of poverty. He had further assured her, that if she should remain firm in opposing the plan of her lover, and further assured her, that if she should remain firm in opposing the plan of her lover, and further assured her, that if she should remain firm in opposing the plan of her lover. main firm in opposing the plan of her lover, his resolution must finally yield to his affection his daughter a promise, that she would make the total resignation of Mr. Mark Sutherland's plans the only condition upon which their mar-riage should proceed. And so the interview between father and daughter had closed; and capital in a linen factory. Therefore, Mr. Beach has, after expending two or three thousand dollars, been forced to let his machine lie dormant, waiting for the market. Shall it be said that Mr. B. is half a century in advance of the manufacturer? I notice in your paper of Nov. 25th, that a company is about being formed, to build a woollen factory on the outlet of Crooked Lake, on or near the corporation of the village of Penn Yan. Mr. Beach can afford his flax cotton, unbleached, for six cents per round or one hundred and twenty Miss Sutherland had returned to her room with Miss Sutheriand had returned to her room who httle disposition to be amused by the variety and spiendor of her newly-arrived trousseau. And so, by seeming lassitude and nonchalance, she had drawn upon herself the unjust censure of Mrs. Vivian, and the wondering compassion

can afford his flax cotton, unbleached, for six cents per pound, or one hundred and twenty dollars per ton. Mr. Beach is located but a few rods below the contemplated woollen factory, with a first-rate water power and machinery for his business. And in case of failure in our wheat crop, farmers might find to their advantage to turn their attention to the raising of flax—as the straw would be worth from \$5 to \$8 per ton, provided a company would be formed for the purpose of manufacturing twine, cordage, or linen crash. Mr. Beach has taken some pains to inform himself in the manufacture of the article, and a stock company might be formed, with shares, of ten or more dollars to the share, that would use up a crop that the farmers at present about lose, and a of the more sympathetic Rosalie. India never for an instant doubted her pow-or over Mark Sutherland; nay, she never men-tally even limited the extent of that power. The worst she anticipated was a controversy with her betrothed. That this controversy could end in any other manner than in her own favor, she never once inquired. That this principle, or, as she mentally termed it, his fanati cism, must yield to her influence, she felt cer-tain. But she did not like to have to exert this influence. She admired and honored Mark Sutherland above all men—nay, there were times when she feared him above all things. And she loved him as those of her clime only love. And with all her faults, this spoiled child of fortune was too true a woman to wish

child of fortune was too true a woman to wish to take the position and tone of a dictator to the man she so loved. Nay, she felt indignant with all concerned in thrusting upon her such inevitable, yet such repulsive, "greatness." And now she sat trying to compose her nerves and collect her thoughts for the unavoidable interview to which she momentarily expected to be summoned.

She had not much longer to wait. A ser

vant soon entered, and, bowing, informed her that Mr. Sutherland requested the favor of an My child, I would do anything in the world to see you restored to health and cheerfulness, ike other young girls."

"But this, sweet mamma, is too much to interview at her earliest convenience, and desired to know when and where she would resacrifice. It is too much for you to give up Saratoga and Nahant, where you meet so many

ceive him.
"Where is Mr. Sutherland?" inquired the young lady.
"In the library, Miss."

"Proceed thither and announce me, then."

Arrived at the library, the man opened the door, and merely saying, "Miss Sutherland, sir," held it open until she had passed in, and sir," held it open until she had passed in, and then closing it, retired.

And India found herself alone with Mark. He was sitting at a central library-table, leaning with his head resting upon his hand; his

journey, the crowded hotels, the execrable ta-bles, the wretched attendance, and the noise and confusion, would kill you, Rosalie!" "And then my sweet mamma would really ing with his head resting upon his hand; his face was very pale, his countenance haggard, his dark hair slightly dishevelled, his manner disturbed and anxious, yet withal controlled. He arose and advanced to meet her, led her to a sofa, and placed himself beside her. Taking her hand in his own, and pressing it gently, he tooked down into her face, regarding her with a grave, sweet, sad, almost solemn expression be the rich young Southern widow she is gen-erally supposed to be," said the girl, gazing on her young step-mother with a fond, sorrowful ove? Do you believe in the traditional selfish-ness of all step-mothers, from the days of Cinof countenance; and, after a brief pause, he said, "My dearest India, you cannot be at a 'There's nothing true but Heaven,'
till you have lost faith in all things?—poetry

said, "My dearest India, you cannot be at a loss to understand my motive for requesting this interview?"

He paused, as expecting her assent, but she did not reply in any way. She did not even lift her glance from the carpet. He pressed her hand fondly, and resumed: "My love, the time has come, the opportunity is presented for us—even for us, my India—to put in practice some of those high principles, to follow some of those high examples of heroism, which in others has so often won our fervent admiration. Even

The coldness and reserve of her words and tones smote him to the heart. Nevertheless, he replied, "My purpose is no plan of benevolence or philanthropy, my dear India, but a simple act of justice, originating in a simple impulse of conscientiousness." Then gently repossessing himself of her hand, he held it tenderly in his own, while he began, and, for the fourth time since his return home, related all the mentime since his return home, related all the men-tal and moral experiences that had led him to determine upon the contemplated act of emanci-pation. She heard him out without again inpation. She heard him out without again in-terrupting him. She sat very still, with her face pale and impassable, and her eyes cast down. She was no match for him in argument, even had she had right on her side; yet nev-ertheless, seeing that he silently awaited her answer, and preferring to convert rather than to cast him off, she recalled and repeated all to cast him off, she recalled and repeated all the specious arguments she had ever heard in defence of slavery; bad enough, indeed, they were, but yet the best at her or any one else's command. She began by saying that she